

## Revealed 4

### chapter 4

Sylvia did a little stretch and her stomach growled.

When she was about to get out of bed to wash up, she heard the door of the bathroom being opened.

Then, Franklin walked out with a white bath towel around his waist; she could see his sexy abs.

He had a perfect figure of a man.

“You aren’t going to work?” Sylvia blinked her eyes and asked.

“I have a flight tonight,” Franklin said while drying his hair with a towel and said, “You can take your time to look for a house. Just stay here before you find one. There’s no rush.”

Sylvia regretted telling the lie last night.

Now, she couldn’t take back her words anymore.

She could only smile and nod. “Thank you, sweetie, you are the best.”

Franklin handed her the towel and sat down in front of her. She took the towel and began to help him dry his hair gently.

When the water on his hair was almost dried, she threw the towel away and took the dryer to dry his hair.

Sylvia thought to herself. They really looked like a moving couple.

They had sex all night last night, and then the whole morning. And now she was drying his hair for him.

They didn’t look like they were divorcing at all. They looked more in love than real couples.

“It’s done,” Sylvia put the dryer away and asked, “Do you want a sandwich?”

Franklin lay on his side, rested his chin on his hand, and stared at her, “Can I have a hamburger as well?”

“Of course.” Sylvia smiled, nodded, and bent over to kiss him on the lips. “You will love the breakfast today.”

All of a sudden, Franklin pulled her into his arms. “I feel sad I can’t have your cooking soon, Mrs. Maskelyne.”

“The cook’s cooking is no worse than mine,” Sylvia pushed him and said sweetly, “I’m starving. Let me go!”

When Rock saw Sylvia walk into the kitchen in an apron, he said with a smile, “Mrs. Maskelyne, the ingredients are in the fridge.”

“Got it,” Sylvia replied with a smile.

Rock had been working for Franklin for years and knew his preferences for food well, although Franklin always said he wasn’t a picky eater and refused to admit that he was in nature a foodie.

The butler and the cook had been bothered by it.

Franklin always said the food was too salty, too sweet, too spicy, or too sour.

He didn't like French food and thought Japanese food was too light.

He didn't like any food they cooked.

He was a picky eater, for sure.

However, he never admitted it.

Every time the butler or the cook asked what he wanted to have, he always said he would eat anything.

Franklin was a grumpy man, at meals, he was particularly irritable.

He said he would eat anything, but when the dishes were served, he would snap at them and even smash the dishes and say, "What are these? You want me to eat this?"

Therefore, he was really hard to please.

To let Franklin eat, Rock had thought of a lot of ways.

Because of his picky eating, Franklin had been having stomach problems. Sometimes he would have stomachaches in the middle of the night.

Then, four years ago, Franklin got married to Sylvia.

Sylvia was a gentle woman who was really good at cooking. Her cooking was even better than that of a Michelin Chef's.

No matter what she cooked, even if it was just seafood fried rice, a pasta, Franklin would enjoy it and eat it up.

In the four years, Sylvia had saved Rock a lot of trouble. After they got married, Franklin had become much less grumpy. He would even become really gentle when he was with Sylvia and he didn't even notice it himself.

And now, they were going to get divorced.

Rock really didn't want it.

After the divorce, what was Franklin going to eat?

Sylvia was efficient. She fried the meat pie and an egg, then, she put the muffin into the bread maker and cut the tomato and pickled cucumber.

She did these all in an elegant manner.

It was as if she wasn't cooking but making art.

Standing at the door of the kitchen and looking at Sylvia's back, when Franklin thought that he might never see Sylvia cooking for him again, somehow he felt upset.

He had gotten too used to her.

It seemed she had sensed him. Sylvia turned her head and smiled brightly at him, "It will be ready soon."

She was a beautiful woman, and she looked even more attractive when she smiled.

Franklin's Adam's apple bobbed and he couldn't help but walk to her and hug her waist from behind. "Do you want to do it here?"

Sylvia could feel his erection and rolled her eyes with her back to him. Was he a sex addict? He could never get enough!

But she said in an extremely gentle voice without showing anything, "The food's ready. Let go of me, sweetie."

She put the sandwich on the plate and made the hamburger for him.

Franklin took out the sandwich and took the hamburger from her. "Careful, it's hot."

Seeing their loving intimacy, Rock felt it a pity that they were divorcing.

They would have had adorable babies together.

It must be it! They didn't have a baby together!

"Rock, do you want some?" Sylvia asked.

"No, thanks, Mrs. Maskelyne. I have had lunch," Rock hurriedly said.

How sweet was she! She had always treated the servants with politeness and respect.

Alas!

The more he thought about it, the more he felt pity.

Just as Franklin took a bite of the hamburger, the doorbell rang.

Rock stood up to open the door. When he saw who it was, he asked expressionlessly, "Miss, who are you looking for?"

"Is Mr. Maskelyne here?" the woman in a yellow dress asked.

Franklin frowned and walked over from the dining room. Seeing her, he asked, "Sweetie, how did you find this place?"

This was Honey Bennett, a new actress in the entertainment company of Maskelyne Group. She had just become famous because of her performance in a romantic TV drama.

There were rumors about her and Franklin, saying that Franklin helped her become famous by investing in the show and that he was going to make her the most famous actress in the entertainment company of Maskelyne Group.

Rumors had it that she was going to become Franklin's new wife.

Sylvia sat down beside the dining table and was having lunch.

It was not her business anyway.

“Mr. Maskelyne, I’m holding a birthday party next Saturday. It’s the first birthday party I have ever had and I’m a bit nervous. I want to invite you over.” Honey stood at the door and took out an invitation from her Chanel purse.